# Haven't Slept In Days

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# Haven't Slept In Days

by WordsAblaze

Summary

> “I’m not sure I can make it through another crime scene without coffee,” Will admits carefully.
>
> Hannibal nods, making sure to keep his expression as neutral as possible. “I don’t doubt that, Will, though I would urge you to consider how that only proves my point.”
>
> “And what exactly is your point, other than accusing me of being, heaven forbid, unhealthy?”
>
> “That you deserve to rest,” Hannibal replies, and finds that he means it far more than he’d expected to.

Notes

> protein scramble scene v.2.0
>
> day 12 prompts used: "i'm up, i'm up!"

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal knocks on Will's motel door at eight in the morning, which he considers to be a very reasonable time for someone to start the day.

When he's met with silence, he sighs and tries again, rapping his knuckles against the door a little harder this time. Again, silence. The third time, a thud echoes from inside, followed by a muffled groan.

"Will?"

Another thud, then: "I'm up, I'm up, just—one minute!"

And, to his credit, the door is pulled open—forty two seconds later—with plenty of time to spare, not that Hannibal would have held it against him had he taken an additional twenty seconds or so. "Another protein scramble?" Will asks, stifling a yawn.

Hannibal smiles. "I fear I am becoming predictable."

Shaking his head, Will steps back, almost stumbling over his own feet. "Structure and routine are supposed to be good for you. Can't expect a psychiatrist to demonstrate any less."

"Yes," Hannibal agrees, but he's more focused on the near-perfect state of the bed that Will seems to have just collapsed atop of at some point, judging by the minor wrinkling of the duvet. "Have you not slept?"

Will shrugs, gesturing to Hannibal to take a seat in the little armchair as he settles on the edge of the bed. "Here and there. There was a storm last night."

"I didn't take you as someone to fear the beauty of nature, Will." And nor should he, because Hannibal has read Will's file, and he knows the man would never tremble before a little thunder and lightning. He's more concerned about the dark shadows lurking under Will's eyes, clear indications of exhaustion.

"Perhaps it wasn't that sort of storm," Will mumbles, a smirk just about flirting across his face.

Hannibal hands Will the container he'd brought with him, pulling out a second for himself before taking the seat that had previously been offered to him, detesting the fact that this horrible little motel didn't have the decency to provide any sort of desk. His contempt is forgotten and replaced with a relieved sort of pride as Will practically inhales his meal, his eyes closing between bites as he manages to savour the taste despite his apparent haste.

"Somehow even better than last time," Will tells him honestly.

"More *interesting* ?" Hannibal asks, raising an eyebrow.

The corner of Will's mouth tugs itself upwards before he schools his expression back to neutrality. "Breakfast has never been enough to sway the jury verdict, Doctor Lecter."

“Is that how you view yourself, Will? As the jury to Uncle Jack’s judge?”

Hannibal watches with fascination as Will considers this, then shakes his head. He looks up to meet Hannibal’s eyes, and swallows. “I believe I align better with, uh, some sort of witness. The usually inadmissible kind.”

“What stops you from sleeping, Will?” Hannibal asks, his curiosity outweighing his enjoyment of their latest extended metaphor. It’s a metaphor they can return to another time, anyway, so he has no regret in dismissing it for the time being.

Will sighs, and his eyes drop back down to the carpet. He rubs the back of neck before replying, “If I knew that, we wouldn’t be needing to have this discussion.”

As much as he adores Will’s wit, it doesn’t constitute a complete answer. “Or perhaps this discussion will help you determine the cause of your fatigue. Humans cannot last particularly long without a good night’s sleep, after all.”

“They can last long enough to find murderers,” Will replies, the words sounding somewhat rehearsed, with self-inflicted bitterness laced into his tone.

“And how long have you been searching without refuelling, Will?” Hannibal asks, taking the empty container from Will’s hands where he had been gripping it so hard his knuckles had started to whiten.

Will takes a moment to stretch his hands, curling and uncurling his fingers several times. Then, he exhales audibly. “Days? Several days, probably. I haven’t—I can’t sleep in places like this.”

“Nor can I,” Hannibal admits, and it’s only partially a lie. He *can* get to sleep, but with great difficulty, and different sorts of difficulties to the ones Will experiences, he’s sure. “Although, you have been in pursuit for almost a week now, Will. It will soon be both unhealthy and inadvisable to continue without rest.”

Will bristles. “I didn’t ask for your approval, *Doctor* .”

“And nor would you let its absence influence your actions, I am aware,” Hannibal replies easily, “but I would recommend you at least consider slowing down to recuperate.”

“I’m *fine* ,” Will states, abruptly standing. Unfortunately, that decision goes against him when he sways on the spot, clearly having stood up too fast. He stumbles, and catches himself on the wall, pinching the bridge of his nose, missing the way Hannibal barely resists the urge to reach out and steady him. “I’m still fine,” he mumbles, not looking up.

Hannibal pushes away the urge to smile, knowing it would only upset Will further. “It’s not your capability I doubt, Will, but rather, that the judge may be ruling against the court’s favour in an attempt to placate his own frustrations.”

Will blinks slowly. “That’s one *thinly* veiled insult.” He turns so that his back to the wall, and leans against it as he glances over Hannibal, who stays perfectly still, allowing the mildly

invasive assessment of his intentions. “Jack didn’t send you here, did he?”

“Breakfast was courtesy of my own volition,” Hannibal confirms, and stifles his amusement when Will silently echoes the phrase with an incredulous expression. “I would advise against caffeine, especially the sort provided by this… lacking establishment.”

“I’m not sure I can make it through another crime scene without coffee,” Will admits carefully.

Hannibal nods, making sure to keep his expression as neutral as possible. “I don’t doubt that, Will, though I would urge you to consider how that only proves my point.”

“And what exactly *is* your point, other than accusing me of being, heaven forbid, unhealthy?”

“That you deserve to rest,” Hannibal replies, and finds that he means it far more than he’d expected to. Even Will appears startled at the honest simplicity of his answer, though the fact that he finds it difficult to believe in genuine concerns for his wellbeing is nothing short of alarming; Hannibal makes a mental note to revisit the prospect another time. “Would you argue otherwise?”

After a lengthy pause in which he can all but hear the gears in Will’s mind furiously turning, Will groans, letting his head fall against the wall behind him. “No rest for the wicked, right?”

There is a small part of Hannibal that wants to detail just how wicked Will has yet to become, but he knows neither the time nor place are right, not yet. Instead, he hums in acknowledgement. “Perhaps, if that is how you wish to continue justifying your exhaustion.”

“I’m not *exhausted* ,” Will retorts, visibly affronted, “I’m just. A little tired. That’s hardly a crime, nor is it unusual in this line of work.”

“Of course. I meant no offence, Will. I aim only to express my concern. That being said, I will make no move to stop you, should you choose to continue against my advice.”

Will snorts. “That was a *very* thinly veiled guilt trip, Doctor Lecter.”

For a moment, Hannibal isn’t sure whether he should be a little offended that his manipulation tactics have been flagged so quickly, or just extremely proud. In the end, he settles on being fascinated, and chuckles. “I suppose I should have heeded your warning that it would take a little more creativity to sway your verdict.”

“I suppose you should have,” Will agrees, but with a soft smile that Hannibal accepts as a victory in and of itself. “Will you be accompanying me to the crime scene?”

Hannibal returns his smile, and finally stands, moving towards the door. “No rest for the wicked, it seems.”

“None whatsoever,” Will confirms quietly, which Hannibal takes as permission to stay by his side and monitor his energy levels throughout the day, not that he had planned to do any different otherwise. Still, there's a unique satisfaction in having Will's permission, a rare sort

of satisfaction that Hannibal does not yet entirely understand but finds himself compelled towards.

“Allow me to source your beverages, at least," Hannibal requests as he reaches the border of Will's room, his feet reluctant to travel much further.

Will laughs at that, a bright noise that has his head tipping slightly backwards with the force of it. He shakes his head in something just a little sharper than disbelief before meeting Hannibal’s gaze head on. “Did you completely forget to veil that demand?”

“I am not a particularly forgetful individual,” Hannibal replies, his response a little delayed by his need to memorialise the sight of Will’s amusement in his memory palace. “Should I take that to be your agreement?”

Ever the unpredictable, Will closes the door on him.

End Notes

apologies for being dialogue-heavy, left it too late to flesh things out :/

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